

ANDROS

NUMBER SEVEN

TWO DOLLARS



SOUTHERN EXECUTION

MARIETTA, GA 1988.



UNCLE SID WAS MY GRANDFATHER'S BROTHER. HE WAS 85 AND LIVED A MILE DOWN THE ROAD.



HE WALKED US DOWN TO HIS POND WITH THE GROUNDSKEEPER.



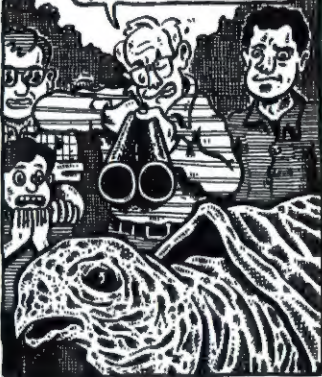
IT WAS THE LARGEST TURTLE I HAD EVER SEEN!



HAND ME TH' SCATTERGUN.



Y'ALL STAND BACK.

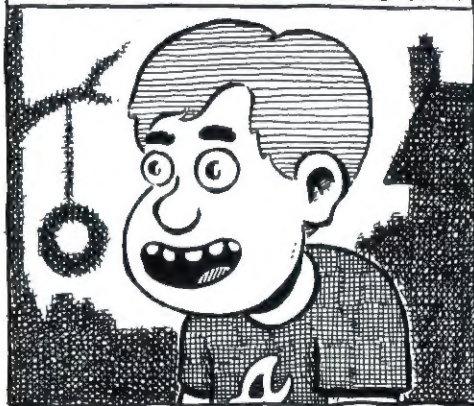


FEMA FUNNIES 2012



THE COVER UP

THIS IS BASICALLY WHAT I
LOOKED LIKE WHEN I WAS TEN.



WHEN I WAS FOURTEEN I
GOT MY FIRST PAIR OF GLASSES.



AT NINETEEN I STARTED
WEARING A BALL CAP.



AROUND TWENTY-SEVEN I
LET THE BEARD GROW OUT.



NOW, AT THIRTY-SIX, I JUST
BOUGHT MY FIRST PAIR OF SUNGLASSES.



IN THE FUTURE...



BORDERS WAS AN OLD FRIEND OF MY DAD'S WHO BRED GOLDEN RETRIEVERS FOR A LIVING.



WE ALWAYS HAD ONE OF HIS DOGS AROUND THE HOUSE WHEN I WAS A KID.



IT WAS FUN TO GO TO HIS HOUSE BECAUSE HE ALWAYS HAD A LITTER OF PUPPIES.



ONE DAY HE CAREFULLY PULLED A BASKET DOWN FROM A KITCHEN CABINET.



POOR THING JUST WASN'T STRONG ENOUGH.



BORDERS LOVED EVERY ONE OF HIS DOGS.



HE SOLD THEM AS "PUREBRED", BUT THE TERM WAS USED LOOSELY.



OH... OH...



I'LL JUST FIX THAT WITH MY YELLOW MARKER!



BORDERS SOMETIMES FORGED MORE THAN HIS DOGS PEDIGREE.



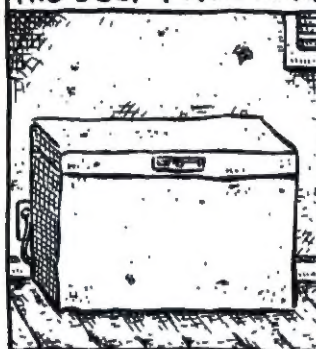
BUT HE DID IT ALL FOR HIS FAMILY.



HE WAS DEVASTATED WHEN HE LOST HIS CHAMPION STUD.



UNWILLING TO PART WAYS, HE DECIDED TO KEEP ROCKY IN HIS DEEP FREEZER.



THE LAW EVENTUALLY CAUGHT UP WITH BORDERS AND HE SPENT SIX WEEKS IN THE COUNTY JAIL.



DURING WHICH TIME THE POWER WAS SHUT OFF AT HIS HOUSE.



A ROUGH SCENE AWAITED HIM WHEN HE WAS RELEASED.



SHORTLY THEREAFTER, BORDERS MOVED UP INTO THE MOUNTAINS AND LIVED WITH A PACK OF MUTTS.



HIS OLD HOUSE WAS STRIPPED DOWN TO ITS FRAME AND EVENTUALLY BULLDOZED.



HUNGER STRIKE

THE FIRE IS COOKING



AND THEY'RE FARMING BABIES



WHILE THE SLAVES ARE WORKING



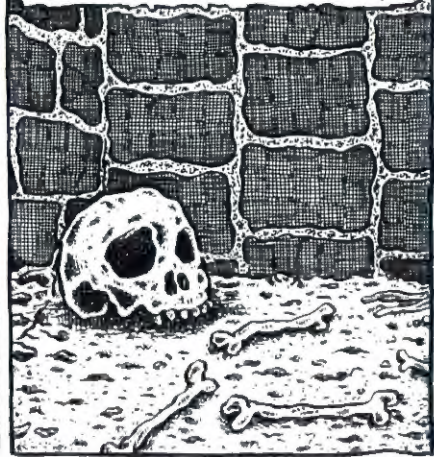
THE BLOOD IS ON THE TABLE



AND THEIR MOUTHS ARE CHOKING



BUT I'M GOING HUNGRY



FEMA-TEENS





From a photo taken of my Great-Aunt in WASHINGTON DC. - 1964. m.s.

SONNY!

STEVEN MCNEEL SHOWED UP AT MY SCHOOL HALFWAY THROUGH THE SEVENTH GRADE.



HE WAS THE YOUNGEST OF THREE KIDS, AND THEY WERE ALL ALBINOS.



I REMEMBER EATING BREAKFAST AT THEIR HOUSE ONE SATURDAY...



A RUMOR STARTED AROUND SCHOOL THAT HIS FATHER WAS A FAILED SURGEON...



WHO HAD MOVED HIS FAMILY TO MARIETTA TO START WORKING AS A JANITOR AT SONNY'S BBQ RESTAURANT.



WHICH LEAD TO STEVEN'S NICKNAME:



UNTIL ONE DAY WHEN HE HAD APPARENTLY HAD ENOUGH.

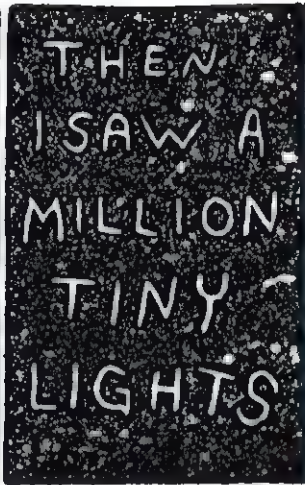


GO TO HELL, CLOTFELTER!



MY DAD WORKS AT A BANK!





PURPLEMAN & Crimson Sunflower

MOMENTS FROM
CHAPTER ONE OF
ALTERNATE REALITIES
By CHRIS RAWLINGS

RUMORS HAVE IT THAT ANYONE
WHO COMES BACK FROM THIS
PLACE AND HASN'T COMMITTED
SUICIDE IS **INSANE!**

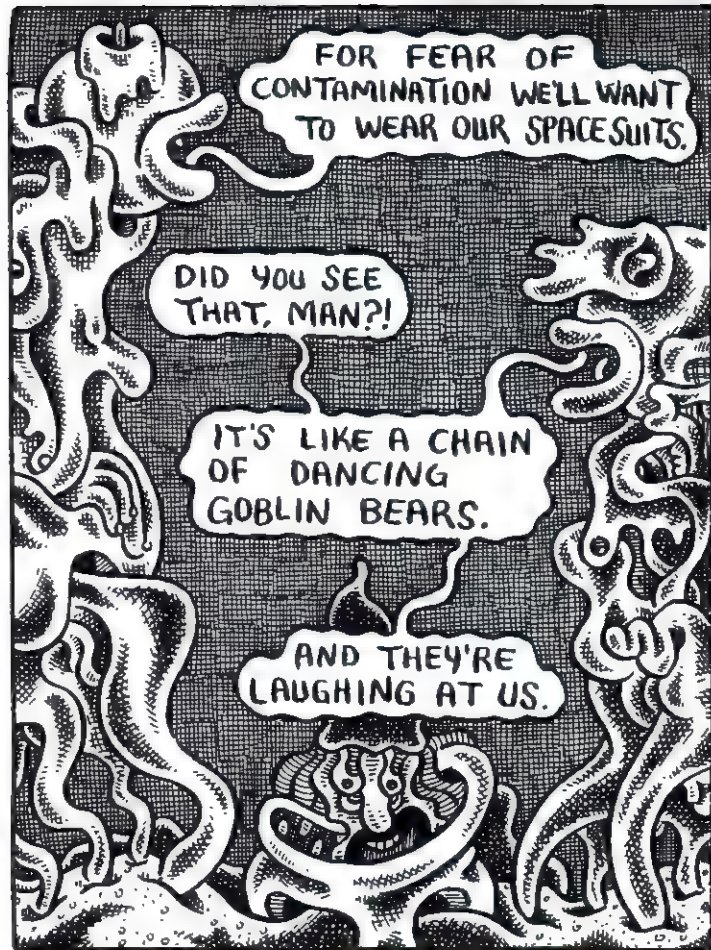
HOW DID WE GET HERE?

MIND
RUFFLES.

ELECTRIC FLOWER
BUTTERFLIES.

RED AND BLUE
LIQUID
TREE
TWIGS.

YOU KNOW
WHAT, CRIMSON?





FEMA FUNNIES 2012

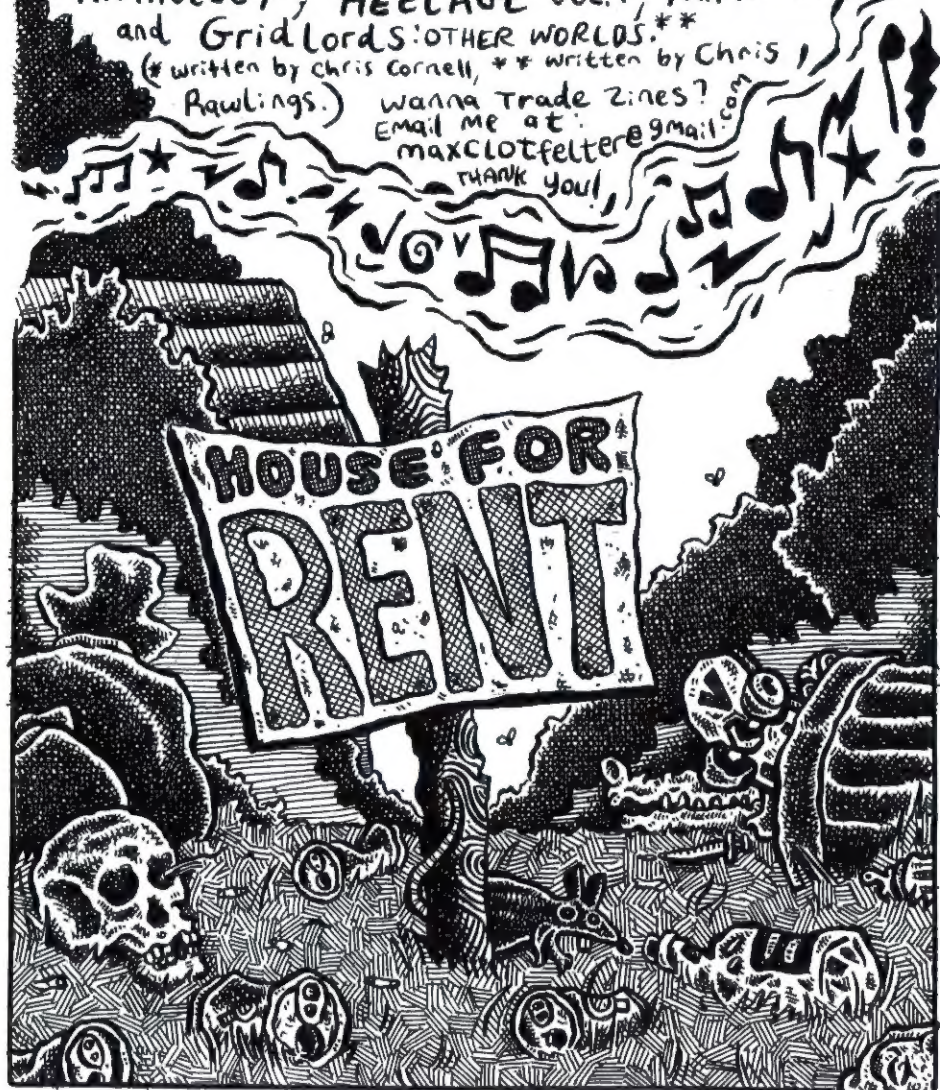


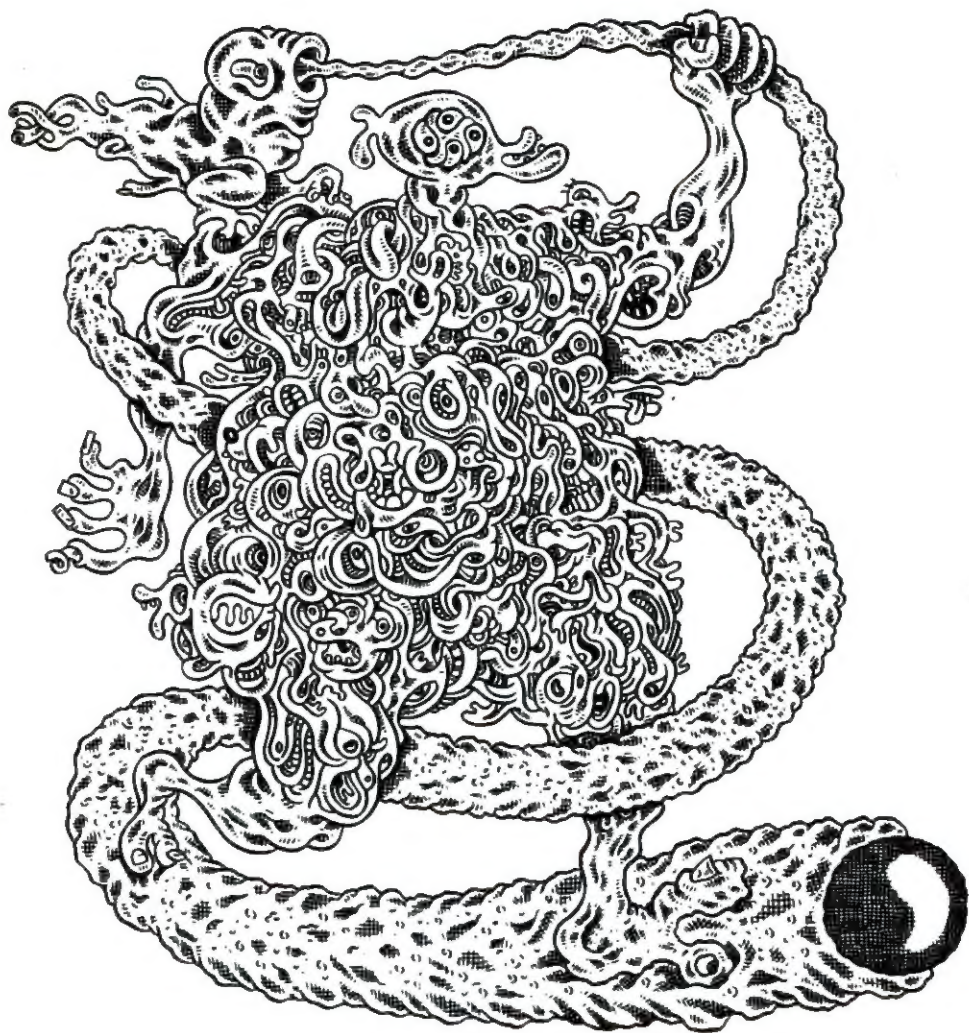
ANDROS #7, OCTOBER 2015 by Max CLOTFELTER
MOST OF THIS STUFF WAS ALREADY
PUBLISHED IN ONE OF THESE GREAT
SMALL PRESS BOOKS: C.A.K.E. 2015 ANTHOLOGY,
BLACK EYE VOL.1, LOOK AT 'EM, NOT MY
SMALL DIARY #18, THE MIX TAPE
ANTHOLOGY*, HEELAGE VOL.1, PRATFALL
and Grid Lords: OTHER WORLDS.**

(*written by Chris Cornell, ** written by Chris
Rawlings.)

wanna Trade Zines?
Email me at:
maxclotfelter@gmail.com

THANK YOU!





SMT-69